A non-suir was entered against the

plaintiff yesterday in the case of Matlida Tankert against Stephen Tankert, an action for damages for alleged slander.

THE suit of G. T. McConnell against the

Central Traction Company for damages for injury to a buggy caused by a car running into it, is on trial before Judge Ewing.

JOSEPH MILLER, Of the West End, yester

day entered suit against Caroline Knorr for \$500 for damages for injuries to a building in undermining the wall of a building by ex-cavating for a cellar.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-The Duke of York refuses to join the army, preferring the navy.

—The National Directors of the Travelers' Protective Association are making elaborate arrangements for the grand re-union of traveling salesmen, which is to take place in St. Louis, Saturday, October 1.

—A deputation comprising 20 members of the Hungarian Diet, Alonday, waited upon Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, at Turin and presented him with a congratula-tory address signed by 15,000 Hungarians.

—The Sultan of Morocco has induced the Angherites to promise the payment of a tribute of £6,000 and a contingent of 500 men. Elkarnan, the leader of the late rebellion, who is not included in the amnesty, has fled to Algieria.

—In the school parade of the Columbian celebration at New York next month, 25,000 schoolboys will pass in review before President Harrison. The Roman Catholic societies will also have a special parade on the night of October II.

-Charles H. Paul, Treasurer of Adams county, Neb., who was found guilty of the embezzlement of county funds and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, has been pardoned by Governor Boyd and released from custody.

ber of persons,

aid of the police.

HIS MIND BECOMING AFFECTED.

The Officials Do Not I xpect Him to Live Out His Sentence.

YEARNS FOR CIGARETTES AND GOSSIP.

The Western Penitentiary could hardly have looked lovelier under any circumstances than it did in the glow of a soft September sun yesterday afternoon. The surrounding grounds were rich in verdure, and studded with blooming flower beds. The Warden's residence never looked so cosy in its frame of ivy, casting a broad reflection on the river surface right in

In this immense institution did Alexander Berkman, ex-Anarchist, for a period of 22 years to come, and convict No. A-7 for the time being, sleep on Monday night. He was assigned to cell A-8 in the north wing of the prison-the quarters which her is to occupy during the term of his sentence. He is quiet because he has to be, having been warned that any attempt at bravado would compel the keepers to use the less gentler means usually employed to keep men of his caliber within their lines. Notwithstanding the fact that he was treated rather kindly on his arrival at the penitentiary the prison officials encountered the same surly demeanor exhibited by the would-be assassin during his previous escapades.

Objects to the Bill of Fare. The prisoner didn't like the food given him by any means, though a sample of the bread supplied the convicts, which was given a DISPATCH reporter, seemed to be as good as any that could be baked. At every turn he muttered imprecations on the ill-luck that incessantly followed bim.

Notwithstanding the announcement that Berkman had been snaved and measured, and had a number of other things done to him on Monday, the prisoner is still as he was when he entered the penitentiary, with the one exception of his having on the stripes. To-day he will have his hair removed, and the measurement of his body, hands and legs taken according to the Birtillon system, now in use. He will also be photographed in full and sidefaced, sifting and standing, positions. Every characteristic will be recorded in the convict's record at the penitentiary.

Monday night he slept well, though when be appeared for exercise yesterday morning he at once betrayed the keen feelings of one in his position. The air of triumph that had borne him through his previous escapades was partially absent, though it was with a grin that he did what he was told. The doctors examination of Benjamin showed him to be in good physical con-

Yearning for Cigarettes and Society. All day yesterday he yearned for his cigarettes but had to do without them. His

love of nicotine will undoubtedly cause him anxiety for some time. When let out upon the ground for the first time, he seemed as it he wanted everyone to know that he was the man who had attempted to take the lite of H. C. Frick. He felt the pain of being compelled to keep from speaking to other prisoners.

Berkman was very closely watched Monday night. While Deputy Warden McKeau and the keepers believe his threat that he would hang himself to be a bluff, still the watch was never relaxed. Yesterday more than ever he seemed to think that he was right in trying to kill Mr. Frick. It is doubtful if he will ever serve his full term. His actions of the last couple of days lead those who have any connection with him to believe that the man's mind is weakening by degrees.

Berkman will be put to work to-day in the stocking department among other men of the average amount of importance in such an institution. One of the new hands in this particular department is Lester, the militiaman, who stabbed a man named Calhoun, on Grant street, recently. He is learning the trade of hosiery making very rapidly. In the same department is Doer-flinger, the embezzier, Stout, and James Orr, the real estate agent, convicted or assault-

ing his pretty typewriter. Factories Running Full Blast. All the factories at the penitentiary never were in such working trim before. The demand for brooms and floor matts is extra-ordinary and the quality of the material turned out is said to be ahead of anything done by a similar institution in the country. Berkman will have a turn at each of the shops until it is determined what employment best suits him. He may be put in the cookshop, over which Kane, the murderer, presides after a time. He spent a postion of sides, after a time. He spent a portion of vesterday in the schoolroom where Keeper Robert H. Graham teaches illiterate pris-

oners to read and write. One of the first things that seemed to puzzle Berkman after

his arrival at the little room of instruction was the enunciation of the fifth proposition

of Euclid, Book L, which was written on the blackboard. Berkman intimated yesterday that be liked his new quarters much better than he did those in the jail.

STOCKWELL HELD FOR TRIAL. Inquiry Into the Disappearance of the

Funds of the Iron Hall-Into Whose

Pocket Did the Cash Go, a Questio That Is Troubling the Courts of Justice. PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20 .- Adelbert E. Stockwell, late counsel and assignee of the Mutual Banking Surety and Trust Company, and J. Henry Hayes, Cashier of the defunct institution, were given a hearing today on charges of conspiracy and perjury, growing out of the failure of the bank and the Order of Iron Hall, and were held in \$10,000 bail each for trial. Stockwell furnished the required security for him-

obtain bondsmen and was taken to the county prison. The evidence as summed up by District Attorney Graham tended to show that the bank directors, when they found their capital impaired, signed a paper requesting Cashier Davis, of the Iron Hall, to loan oradvance the Mutoai Bank \$200,000. J. Henry these signed is not in the research for it Hayes signs it and the receipt for it. Stockwell prepared that paper and was present at the meeting which ordered it. This Stockwell denied, but Mr. Graham's

self, but Hayes declared his inability to

only reply was to read the testimony that
Mr. Stockwell had given before the court.
"Then," continued Mr. Graham, "he
went into court and swore that money had been contributed by the stockholders. Of this \$200,000, according to the testimony of expert accountants, \$170,000 was charged on the books to profit and loss. Not a word about the \$30,000. Into whose pockets did

"Mr. Stockwell says the money was invested in bonds. Davis says 'No.' I tell you that when the ruin was hanging over them they tried to cover it up. Then Stockwell's lawyer came to him and he said I have invested it. That \$30,000 was just purloined from the Iron Hall, then taken from the bank and the securities were found where? Why, in Mr. Stockwell's

The only crime, the counsel for Stockwell argued, that his client could be charged with was in being assignee of this concern. He defied any one to show that Mr. Stockwell had received one penny he was not legally entitled to for his services as a lawyer, or that he had received one dishonest dollar. He said that it was perfectly natural that the Iron Holi, as the principal creditor, should come to the rescue of the bank and make good the impairment.

BANDIT GARCIA HEARD FROM.

He Murders a Wealthy Planter and Defles the Troops Pursuing Him.

HAVANA, Sept. 20 .- The notorious bandit, Manuel Garcia, accompanied by a mulatto named Plasencia, recently waylaid and murdered a wealthy planter named Dionisco Banista, the owner of an extensive plantation near Quivican. The bandit placed on the body of his victim a letter which read: "I am not a murderer. It I killed Banista it is because he tried to poison my brother, Vincente, and to deliver me up to the guards.'

The letter contained menaces against several persons, whom the writer declared he would punish in the same manner as he had Banista. It also expressed the most contemptuous defiance for the troops who are engaged in hunting him.

Whisky Is to Blam ..

Whisky Is to Blam.
On June 1, 1892, I weighed 107 pounds and was suffering from indigestion. Had tried many physician sand much medicine. My last physician advised me to use a pure rye whisky and recommended Klein's "Silver Age." I have used four bottles since then and am rapidly gaining in flesh and leel in excellent spirits. My weight is 188 pounds, I am convinced that "Silver Age" whisky is pure and good and believe it restored me my health.

J. J. McLuckles.

Startling Low Prices

That will turn the eyes of money-saving buyers toward us. A great 3 days' sale at the P. C. C. C., cor. Grant and Diamond streets. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we will sell clothing at the following convincing learnain prices:

where will allow you to take your pick from 1500 men's fine black clay diagonal suits, sack or cutaway style, slik mohair binding, worth \$15 at. \$7.50.

1,500 men's fall overceats. Oxford black, tan and gray colors, silk sleeve linings and silk faced or plain, regular \$12 and \$14 garments, at. \$7.50.

2,000 pairs men's fine dress pants, stripes and stylish grades, at. \$2.00.

1,500 suits for boys, age 4 to 14, single or double breasted, neat cheviot patterns, at \$1.29.

double breasted, neat cheviot patierns, at \$1.20. 1,000 men's fine dress suits, made in the height of lashion, plain black goods or new mixtures, garments that are worth \$20, single or double breasted or cutaway style. Our price for three days. \$10.00. The working man and those of limited means should visit our well-lighted basement. It always is crowded with good, substantial clothing, marked way down in price. Three thousand additional candle-power incandescent lamps make it brighter than ever. Visit our basment bargain department. P. C. C. C., Clothiers, cor. Grant and Diamond streets.

When going to Canton, O., stop at the Barnett House; strictly first-class; refitted and refurnished throughout. Elegant ample rooms. Rates, \$2 00 and \$2 50.

Men's kid gloves. The most perfect fitting and finest quality in the market at James H. Aiken & Co.'s, 100 Fifth avenue.

SMALL, DARK MAN

If Found, Could Solve the Mystery of a Liberty Street Fire.

PARTNERS CHARGED WITH ARSON.

THE NEWS OF THE COUNTY COURTS

On December 19, 1891, the building of Dallmeyer on 'Liberty street was burned down and Saitta and Mazzo's fruit store destroyed. They were insured for \$16,000, but settled with the insurance company for \$10,000. A man supposed to be Jack," a laborer, was burned to death in the fire, and the charge was brought against P. H. Saitta and John Mazzo that they

Saitta was tried yesterday on the charge of setting fire to the building. District Attorney Burleigh conducted the prosecution, and J. S. Robb and E. A. Montooth the defense. L. F. Dallmeyer testified as to the fire and his mother owning the building, which was a total loss. J. McFadden, a driver for Saitta & Fugassi, testified to

George Newman and John Sherman testi-fied to going to the burning building and fied to going to the burning building and trying to shut off the natural gas for the Philadelphia Company. Joseph Varley and Thomas Simpson, employes of the Duquesne Theater, testified to hearing the explosion preceding the fire and seeing a man run from the coal hole in the pavement in front of the burned building a minute after the fire. They could not identify the man.

Paul Cameron gave similar testimony, and described the man as small, with a black

Minor Offenders Convicted and Receiv

In the Criminal Court Thomas Oswald pleaded guilty to assault and battery and was fined \$5 and costs.

and battery on the child of Thomas Herron, of Bradford township, M. Higgins was convicted of stealing a

Buena Vista, and was fined \$1 and costs.

Must Pay for Paving.

A verdict of \$10,513 13 for the plaintiff was given yesterday in the case of McKeesport borough against the McKeesport Electric Railway Company. The suit was brought to recover for the cost of paving between the rails of the defendant's tracks in McKeesport. In the case of A. A. Johnston against S. Fritz, guardian of Thomas Johnston, an action on an account, a verdict was given yesterday for \$436 95 for the plaintiff.

To-Day's Trial Lists. Common Pleas No. 2-Hayden vs Lincoln Memorial Cemetery: Rankin vs Thomas; Jones vs Stern; C. Munson Belting Company Jones vs Stern; C. Munson Belting Company vs L. Chemical Reofing Company; Rupchria vs Habbert et ux; Riddle vs Gillespie et ux; Walker vs Bott & Co.; Cote vs Allegheny County Planing Mill Association et al; Squires Hardware Company vs Dotz; Jones vs Jennings Bros. & Co., limited: Green vs City of Allegheny; Pittsburg Gas Company vs Joyce.

Two Verdicts Rendered.

A verdict of \$25 for the plaintiff was given yesterday in the case of Dr. J. C. Williamson against Mrs. Clara Crait, an action on an account. In the case of G. F. Nixon against Saitta & Fugassi, an action on an account for fruit sold, a verdict was given for \$371 41 for the plaintiff.

The Hum of the Courts. THE suit of C. Stropp and wife against J.

Bleeker and others, an action on an account, is on trial before Judge Magee. The trial list of Common Pleas No. 1 will be called at 10 o'clock on the morning of Friday, September 23. All the attorneys are expected to be present.

Illness of a Juryman Causes the Suspension of a Trial.

P. H. Saitta, the fruit dealer, was placed on trial yesterday before Judge McClung on the charge of setting fire to a building with intent to defraud an insurance com

started the fire and were responsible for the man's death.

leaving the building at 6 o'clock on the evening of the day of the fire. Messrs, Saitta and Fugassi were still there,

dentify the man.

frock coat, slouch hat and mustache.

C. F. Eilis testified to having seen the man come out of the coal hole. He said the man was John Mazzo. As Mazzo was jointly indicted with Saitta for arson, Mr. Bur-leigh called Mazzo, who said he was not the man who came out of the coal hole. Other witnesses were examined, W. H.

Camp finally being called. He saw the man crawl out of the coal hole, and he positively identified him as Saitta, the defendant. At 3 o'clock, owing to the illness of a juror, the case was continued until to-day.

CRIMINAL COURT CASES.

Light Sentences.

Theresa Backman was acquitted of assault

Edward Canavan was found guilty of felonious assault on Lizzie Hoffman. The case is the result of a meeting in Schenley Park one evening during a concert. Samuel Wright was fined \$5 and costs for mmiting an assault on Floyd J. St. Clair,

of McKeesport.

Abraham Levi, who was put on trial on Monday for the larceny of \$8 from Gee Wah, was found guilty.

Michael Hutton was convicted of assault and battery on oath of J. W. McCleary, of

—John Graves, W. A. Holder and John Marshal Hall, all white: Frank Collins, a leyear-old negro, and Sam Downing, alles Hickory, a juli-blooded Choctaw Indian, have all been sentenced to be hanged on November 2 next in Arkansas. The death

sentences are all passed for crimes commit-ted in Indian Territory. An Exhibitor Missing. Visitors to the Exposition notice with regret the absence of the beautiful display of Pennsylvania rye whisky, rare old wines, liquors and cordials, made in previous years by Max Klein, of Allegheny. His famous pyramid of "Silver Age" bottles has been transferred to his headquarters, No. 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa., where can be seen the finest stock of liquors in the State at extremely low prices. Silver Age still sells at \$1 30 per quart and Duquesne \$1 25. Send or call for complete catalogue and price list furnished gracuitously.

is the most beautiful and elaborately fin-ished property ever offered to Pittsburg buyers; large, evenly-graded lots; broad as-phaltum avenues and streets, wide concrete phaltum avenues and streets, wide concrete sidewalks, and a perject system of drain-age, are a few among the many rare features found here. Lots in Luella Place will be offered for sale on Monday, 26th inst. Plans and details from John Fite, owner, 541 Lib-erty avenue, or Charles Somers & Co., 131 Fourth avenue.

The Beauty Spot

The Beauty Spot

Of the East Liberty Valley is Luclia Place,
Highland avenue, near the park. Lots in
the plan will be offered for sale on Monday,
25th inst, when an office will be opened on
the grounds. Plans and particulars from
John Fite, owner, 541 Liberty avenue, or
from Charles Somers & Co., 131 Fourth avenue.

AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Gas Test Attracts General Attention

Yesterday was a big day for the Exposiion. At the morning exhibition 3,500 school children attended and in the afternoon and evening the big show was given up to grown persons. There are excursions on several railroads which materially in-

on several railroads which materially increased the attendance at the big show.

During the afternoon the Philadelphia, the Peoples, the Manufacturers and the Allegheny Heating Company contested with gas appliances for a gold medal premium. The gas tests are decidedly interesting and attracted general attention. The test will be made every afternoon and evening this week.

During the day Prof. Cromwell lectured on "Paris, the Magnificent," and "Chili." As usual, the music was one of the interesting features of the show.

COMBINATION BEDSTEADS.

-The States General at Hague was opened yesterday by Queen Regent Emma in person. Hopper Bros. & Co., 307 Wood Street.

The combination folding beds displayed by this firm are the most wonderful invention of the age for household furnishment; they comprise many different articles; may be divided into two distinct pieces; are handsome for large rooms, and save space for small ones. One beautiful design with rounded fronts, side cabinets with plushlined drawers, large oval mirror and bricabrae shelf forms a lady's dressing case, yet would answer for a brica-brae cabinet. Another combines a fine bookcase and cabinet. A third has china closet and sideboard; again you find a parlor secretary. Then some have wardrobe and chiffonier, or wardrobe slone, or combined with cabinets and closets; others are distinctly chiffonier beds. The very elegant fronts can be entirely detached and used in another room, or they may at will be turned to right or left to shut out light or draughts and a child can manage them. The exhibit is north gallery. Hopper Bros. & Co., 307 Wood Street. →A negro named Sullivan has been lynched at Navasota, Tex., for assaulting a -Six drunken conscripts ran amuck at Buda Pesth yesterday and stabbed a num--Fires are still raging north and east of New Castle, Col., though a change in the wind has done much its fury. -Mascagni, the Italian composer, was almost mobbed in Vienna vesterday by a crowd of admirers. He escaped them by the —The Kiowas and Comanches are ready to take their lands in severalty and the nego-tiations will result in opening over 2,900,000 acres to settlement. —Brad D. Slaughter, United States Marshal for the district of Nebraska, has vacated his office because the Government has not, he asserts, paid his bills.

W. A. Hoeveler Storage

—Albert Fuller and Henry Casper fought a duel last night at Gold Ridge, Tenn., Casper being killed and Fuller fatally shot. An old quarrel caused the affair. Will contract to clean houses for private families, offices, stores, churches, etc. They do moving in covered vans or wagons, relieving the customer of all annoyance and trouble. Watch for Hoeveler's moving vans. -Editor J. B. Rucker, who was shot down in a crowded portion of Somersot, Ky., Monday night, by an unknown assessin, died at 12:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

-Lord Hagin, who belongs to one of the first families in the peerage of Ireland, has been arrested for vagrancy, and sent to the common jail for two months at Winnipeg. Men or women, who are expert packers of silver, glass, china, wearing apparel, furni-ture, bric-a-brac, etc., furnished by the hour.

Separate rooms for the storage of house-noid effects. All kinds of household goods old at public or private sale. Telephone 50. By the arrest of Charles Michenfelder in St. Louis for burglary the police believe they have the man responsible for the most of the burglaries committed in the city and suburbs the last six months.

Cleveland Letter of Acceptance. It is reported that Mr. Cleveland is de-laying his letter of acceptance pending an endeavor on his part to make arrangem to have the White House supplied with the famous Camellia flour. Grover says he will decline if he cannot get it, as even life in the White House would be insufferable without bread baked from this queen of



La Freckla

CURES FRECKLES IN THREE DAYS TO ONE WEEK.

released from custody.

—Sir Gilbert, Edward Campbell, Charles Montague Clarke, James Morgan, David Tolwick and Nathan Steadman, indicted for conspiring to obtain money by means of bogus literary and art societies, were brought up for trial in a London court yesterday.

—A crowd of people attacked a detachment of Caribineers who were trying to arrest a famous brigand at Vicovaro yesterday. The mob succeeded in freeing the brigand. Nine bandits have been arrested in Catania on the charge of muruering a land owner.

—The Consular representatives of Cantral —The Consular representatives of Central and South American Republics have united in a protest to the Colombian minister in this country against the action of the Colombian Government in placing an embargo upon all vessels destined for Colom from United States ports. Freckles FRECKLES Freckles Must Go. Must Go. MUST GO. La Freckla La Frackla LA FRECKLA Is Here To Stay. IS HERE TO STAY. To Stay.

> Freckles melt when LA FRECKLA is applied, like the snow when the rain falls on it. LA FRECKLA is the latest discovery by the celebrated Mme. M. Yale, or the Temple of Beauty fame. LA FRECKLA was first given to the world on August 1, and in one short month it cured over 100,000 cases of freckles in the city of Chicago and equally

freckies in the city of Chicago and equally as many from all parts of the country.

To enable the poor as well as the rich, Mme. Yale sold her \$\frac{3}{2}\$ size for \$\frac{3}{2}\$ per bottle. This offer is extended to the people of Pittsburg until October 15. This will enable every man, woman and child to get cured of their freckles in that time.

LA FRECKLA is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. \$25,000 will be paid for a case of freckles, tan or sunburn that LA FRECKLA cannot cure. There is no such freckles in existence. This offer is applied to men as well as women. Remember, LA FRECKLA is \$\frac{3}{2}\$ per bottle until October 15. Sold by your druggists or shipped to you from Chicago on receipt of \$1.

MME. M. YALE.

Beauty and Complexion Specialist, of the Mme.M. Yaie Co, Temple of Beauty, 148 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. Send 4 cents postage for Mme, Yale's valuable Beauty Book,

Send 4 cents possage to be addeduced by the beauty Book.

A full line of Mme, Yale's preparations can be had in Pittsburg at Joseph Fleming & Son's, Druggists, 412 Market street. Christy's drugstore, corner Smithfield street and Fourth avenue. E. C. Stiefel & Co., successors to J. Kinmel & Co., Penn avenue and Ninth street. W. P. Martsolf Drug Company, corner Penn avenue and Sixth street. S. S. Holland, Druggist, corner Smithfield and Liberty streets.

In Allegheny City at E. Holden & Co.'s, Druggists, 63 Federal street, G. Eisenbels, 113 Federal street, and Kaercher's, 62 Federal street.

Se21-Wsu

ALL THIS WEEK.

390 Pairs Misses' fine cloth top kid foxed spring heel but- \$1.19

600 Pairs Boys' and Misses' elegant all-leather school shoes, \$1.19 heel or spring heel, worth \$1.50, at......99c and 290 Pairs Ladies' fine Dongola Tip Lace Oxfords,

Worth \$1.50, at..... Pairs Ladies' fine Cloth Top Dongola Tip Lace Oxfords, QQC Worth \$1.50 and \$2, at JJ

220 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Tip Oxfords, All sizes, at.....

700 Pairs Ladies line cloth top and attractive; worth \$1. \$2.50, at.....

Pairs Ladies' fine cloth top kid foxed pat. leather tips,

Pairs Ladies' fine Dongola kid lace pat. tips reduced \$1.68

289 Pairs Ladies' fine button Boots, Worth \$2, at.....

406-408-410 ORDER BY MARKET ST.

433 AND 435 WOOD ST.

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED

J. HARPER BONNELL CO., NEW YORK.

WELL BRED, SOON WED." GIRLS WHO USE

SAPOLIO

ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING.

HY not buy your Fall Overcoat at once? We have them ready to put on. Will they fit? Are they well made? Are they correct style? How can you know this unless you see for yourself. We believe you have confidence in our statements, we are sure of it-from your continued patronage. Season after season you are buying your Made-to-Measure Suits. Why not try us for Fall Overcoats? Why not a five or ten dollar bill additional in your exchequer. You'll save that much, our word for it.

To-day's story on Made-to-Measure Clothing: We're filled with orders. An increase every day. The goods, prices, our fitting and workmanship must be satisfactory, else we would not be having many more orders than last year.

ANDERSON BLOCK.

Thursday being

In consequence of

Eisner & Phillips'

Mammoth Clothing Establishment, Cor. Fifth Ave. and Wood St.,

WILL BE CLOSED.

A THREE WEEKS' ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY ALICE BUTLER. AUTHOR OF "A RUDE AWAKENING," ETC., ETC.

[Concluded from yesterday.] Phobe glanced across at her companion, with a face of blank dismay at the prospect, "We should be buried, if it went on snowing all that time."

"How many feet deep will my port-manteau be now?" he asked thoughtfully. "Your portmanteau? Did you leave it in the snow?"
"Yes, I dropped it behind a wall. It was heavy."
"You must have been dreadfully cold and for the

"Yes, it was dreadful." "No one who had known the moors would have ventured," she said, with a vivid remembrance of how he had looked as the result of his venture. And, with the re-membrance, came another remembrance, of membrance, came another remembrance, of how limply wet his collar and tie had been the evening before. She glanced across to see how they looked this morning, but was met by a vision of immaculate spotlessness, which she felt Mr. Esmond must have got, somehow or other, if he had been stranded on a desert island, so impossible was it to imagine him without their conventional finish.

He intercepted her glance, and smiled

"You have discovered that I have been helping myself from Robert's stores," he said, in explanation.

The snow continued to fall for the greater part of the day, but toward evening it ceased, revealing a country covered many feet deep in spotless snow, and in the skies above the stars came out and gleamed like

drops of sparkling fire.

During the earlier part of the day Mr.
Esmond had acted as Phobe's henchman.
Since then they had talked and read in the

told her very little of this friend of his, and the very simplicity of his behavior made him a puzzle to her. She had never known anyone who was so unvaryingly courteous as he had been to-day. He had never paid her a compliment—never told her, even in looks, that she was more than usually good-looking. From his conversa-tion she gathered that he moved among tion she gathered that he moved among people whose names were household words in England. She wondered, with a sudden burning blush in her cheek, if he thought her a country bumpkin. Somehow the words were so ridiculous they surely could not apply to her. She rose with a feeling of intolerable vexation at her own folly, and without a word to Mr. Esmond she went unstairs and sat there cold and unwent upstairs, and sat there, cold and un-comfortable, looking out into the night, until the striking of seven told her that she had been upstairs an hour, and she left her dignity and sorrow upstairs, and returned

to the dining room.

During the days that followed the same During the days that followed the same pretty game went on. It might have reminded an onlooker of a game of hide and seek, played between the stately dames and fords of a bygone age, wherein the fun only breaks out now and then behind a carefully decorous glauce. Robert Dering found his way home on the second day, and made the play more interesting, because, in the shelter of his chaperonage, there might be a little more license.

shelter of his chaperonage, there might be a little more license.

Now that so wild a word as "license" might in any way be applied to the behavior of the two principals in the game. Phebe, at first, made repeated attempts to remain mistress of herself and her household, only to find herself hankering after a little knowledge or fashionable, London life, wondering if she, with her graceful freedom of movement and fresh beauty would find herself an untrained bumpkin beside Mr. Esmond's friends. In the rare visits of her betrothed, who was also a dweller in London, she had been accustomed to providing a bountiful tea for the dining room. They were resting there now, and Phæbe was thoughtfully staring into the fire. She was thinking how dreadfully ignorant a country girl is. Robert had

returned from a skating expedition, Phabe, who was unfastening her jacket, took off the torque also, and handed it to Mr. Esmond. 'Do you like my collar?" she asked, He took the pretty ornament in his hand

and turned it over in the light from the window. Before he could make any remark upon it Phæbe volunteered an explanation.

The question was grim, and for a moment, went unsupported by any further explana-tion; he handed the collar back to her. "When an article is marked 'sold' at all, it should be in very plain letters," he said. He was not looking at her now, or he might have seen that the fresh color faded from her face for a few minutes, and that her thoughtful blue eyes cast a swift questioning and revealing glance at him. She took the torque in her hands, and fastened it round her throat with rather shaky fin-gers, and then gathered up her mult and gloves, and took them away without a word. One great disadvantage of modern civiliz-ation is, that it enables our friends—still

wished to show her that she had misconstrued his attentions.

Fear that it might be from the latter motive froze Phoebe's hospitality into ice.

Mr. Esmond was as invariably courteous as before; and the consequence was, that they entertained each other like drawing-room guests. If only Robert had been endowed with a small share of humor, he might have enjoyed the stage-like behavior of the two; but to them it was terribly earnest.

The day following Phoebe's disclosure

two; but to them it was terribly earnest.

The day following Phobe's disclosure was market day at Eltham, and Mr. Esmond accompanied Robert there and remained with him all day. Phobe, left at home, got out certain letters received from the absent lover, and read them all thoughtfully before the dining-room fire. They were very much alike, each beginning with "My own dear love," and ending with "Your devoted lover," and all closely resembling each other in what came between two remarks. There was quite a pile of two remarks. There was quite a pile of them too, nearly sixty. She folded them neatly together, and replaced them in the scented box from which she had taken

held the two in her hands, comparing one with the other, her clear eyes weighing their merits with the prompt, judicial ease which she could apply to other things beside letters. Finally she put both letters into the same scented box with the others, and, leaning back in her chair, her eyes tell on the reflection of herself in the glass over the mantel-piece. She was not a girl who spent much time in the study of herself, so that the sadden appearance of the pictured self before her came upon her with the startlingness of something unexpected.

She leaned forward and scanned the picture with something of the primitive curios-

ture with something of the primitive curios-ity of a savage. So that was herself—the self that other people said "How do you do" to, and criticised. Well, the sensation

imity in eyes whose secret feelings we wish to bring up to the light of day? When Mr. Esmond's behaviour became totally different after Phabe's disclosure about her enone to look upon. Even to her, there was something unique in the abundance of physical charms, coupled with the breadth of forehead and the independence of mouth that bespoke wits and will. She mentally passed a "you are satisfactory" judgment on the bending figure in the glass, as her sharp scrutiny fell on the healthy tints of the face, the perfect blue eyes, and the alert, finely-formed figure.

She rose and went to the window, and with her eyes fixed on the snow-covered road, over which the dogcart had carried the two men to market that morning, she stood trying to do what was beyond the power of even her sharp, blue eyes—to look a few steps into the future.

There were only a day-and-a-half of Mr. Esmond's visit left. They passed in the same interchange of ceremonious courtesy—a sort of thin ice which covered the unusually stirred feelings below.

And so the last day came, and with it that very last minute which we can never

that very last minute which we can never really believe in until it is here. Robert, seated in the trap at the front door, had called out several times that there was barely time to catch the train, and Mr. Esmond, had, at last, descended to the little entrance hall, where Phœbe was waiting to say goodby.

One looked as calm as the other as they met, and more could not be said for their calmness. Phœbe was the correctly attentive hostess, ready to wish her guest bon voyage, and to hope they should see him tentive hostess, ready to wish her guest bon voyage, and to hope they should see him again, and then retire to her warm dining room, comfortable and happy. Beneath Mr. Esmond's new fur-lined coat, it was impossible to imagine anything less conventional than a good breakfast and an easy digestion. If they had been Jane, the housemaid, and John, the footman, there might have been a pert toss of the head from Jane, or a back-handed speech from John to help matters on, but even the unusual whiteness of Phobe's face was hidden by the semi-darkness of the hall.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit."

she said with a confused recollection of his first appearance, as her eye iell upon the traveling cap in his hand.

"Thank you. It has been the happiest three weeks in my life."

"Has it?" she said lightly, not noticing in the strained sensations of the moment the unusual warmth of his speech. Indeed, it was only in the words themselves that there was any unusual warmth. The tone of them was sincere enough, but Mr. Esmond's quiet little voice always had a sincere ring in its tones.

"Perhaps we shall see you again, some-time." And in that speech there was an un-mistakable strain of wistfulness, which made Mr. Esmond hesitate for a moment as he glanced for corroboration to her face. "Goodby,"
'Goodby," he replied; perhaps you will
ask me to come and dance at your wed-

"Yes, I will," said Phœbe, standing a lit-tle more erect at this reminder. He stooped to kiss the hand that he held

with a pardon-asking air, and then Phosbe withdrew the hand from his, and stood cold and erect, till he had mounted the dog cart and waved his last adjeu.

She shut the door with her own hands the great iron-bound door she had opened to admit her unwelcome visitor a few weeks before; and, then going slowly upstairs, she stood before the glass in her own room and looked at her white face with a mixture of contempt and pity. She slowly unclasped the torque from her neck, and holding it up before her turned it round and round in the dim winter light. Then she folded it up and placed it in the box where her par-cel of love letters lay; and, turning back to the glass, she replaced the collar by a

brooch.

She paused for a moment to note how beautifully staid the brooch looked—like one who has renounced mankind, she said to herself with a smile. She saw the smile in the glass, and it occurred to her that she was acting; and there came to her a remembrance of how very young she was, of how very many years there were yet to come to make up life, of how, even the self that she saw in the glass would leave her, and gradually a withered, parched old crone would take its place. And the only thing that would gild this life would be a remembrance of the three weeks' romance which had been the cause of it.

As she packed the torque away, she

had been the cause of it.

As she packed the torque away, she packed with it wifehood and perhaps motherhood, with the responsibilities which are, at lowest, distractions. But the strain of romance in the girl had awoke and taken possession of her being, until any possibility of following a course other than that of remaining faithful to her lost, never-declared lower, never presented itself to her.

Out of the two letters which she had written to her lover in London Phebe chose the shorter one, which she enveloped and addressed ready for sending. In the box of letters she packed sundry little presents and the fateful collar, wrapped and addressed those two, and then, with slow, satisfied step, she returned to the dining room.

When she got there the room was so painfully, strikingly empty that she paused for

a moment before entering it, with a sudden, sickening realization that this was what she must expect her new life to be made up of. She advanced to the table and, kneeling down by it, put her head on her clasped hands. As she knelt there she heard the return of the trap, but she did not rise, for she knew Robert would drive round to the

He did not do so, however, but opened the hall door, and before she could scramble to her feet, not he, but Mr. Esmond stood before her. The tell-tale scarlet rushed to her face as she remembered her prone position.
"We missed the train, after all," explained Mr. Esmond, "and as there isn't another until evening, we were obliged to

"I am sorry," said Phosbe.
"Are you?" he asked, an unusual color rising to his face, now.
Phosbe was too entirely confused and startled by his return to do anything but wonder how far and how irrevocably she had betrayed herself. Mr. Esmond took possession of her hands, and drew her to the window.

"Where is your collar?" he asked, ab-

ruptly. ruptly.

She put up her hands to her throat, and looked at him helplessly.

"For goodness sake, don't trifle," he burst out; irritably, "Why have you taken the collar off?"

"Why should you ask?" demanded Phobe, roused by his anger.

"I left you looking like yourself, and wearing your engagement ring," he said.

"I come back accidentally and find you without it, crying."

"I was not crying," said Phobe, involuntarily.

"If it is because you have given him up— that other lover—and I have a right to speak—to try to win your love—is it, Phœbe?"

Phothe?"
She glanced at him, questioningly.
"I know what you are thinking," he said, impetaously and erroneously, "you are wondering what manner of a man I am. Well, I am not worthy of you—but—will you trust me?"
"You I will trust you "she said. "But "Yes, I will trust you," she said,—"but— you didn't say that because I was crying, did

"Well-what do you think?" "Of course, I know if you were in the habit of consoling crying damsels like that, you would be married long ago—but still—"But still I love you out of all the other women in the world. I can't help it. Does that satisfy you?"

THE END

lost last night," said Phebe, and for the first time a realization of what his struggle across the moors must have been, crossed

two. Then they would generally fall asleep; and she would scan the faces lying back in the easy chairs, and muse on the general

superiority of man to woman.

Robert still went to sleep, but his com-Robert still went to sleep, but his com-panion did not. He did not exactly enter-tain Phosbe with tales—Othello-like,—but somehow, through the long hours, it was not often that the conversation ball dropped. Phosbe was not without the feminine gift of tongue—indeed, she was rather gifted in that line—and Mr. Esmond, she discovered, was of Irish descent, which accounted for his volubility, and on the presumption of his volubility, and, on the presumption of his having kissed the Blarney stone, for the facility with which he could make Phobe's

blushes come and go. As they stood in the dining room one day,

upon it Phæbe volunteered an explanation.

"It is my engagement ring," she said, leaning her fur-capped head back against the window curtains. "I preferred it to an ordinary engagement ring, though it was rather extravagant of me; and my, my—what shall I call him?"

"Don't you think just 'him,' as you said, here extra vage me the said.

has as much meaning as anything?"
He was holding the collar in his hand with, to her, his ordinary placidity in his blue eyes, though it might really be the stoicism with which an Englishman bears a "Do you like it?" she asked, leaving her former question unfinished.

worse, our enemies—to veil their feelings, as well as ourselves. It is very satisfactory to feel that our own calm, imperturbable gaze hides our own secret soul, but what

about the answering gaze of stony equan-

gagement, she was at a loss to know wheth-er it was for his own sake that he had metaphorically withdrawn to a distance, or be-cause he had divined her motives and wished to show her that she had miscon-

them.
She sat looking at them, her hands clasped round the gold collar at her throat. Then she drew a sheet of empty paper toward her and began to write. The firelight flickered on her fair heir and blue serge dress, and tried to warm her unusually pale cheeks into a little of their ordinary color. She filled the sheet of paper with her clear, legible handwriting, and then pushed it away from her, and immediately wrote another letter-a much shorter one. She held the two in her hauds, comparing one

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit," she said with a confused recollection of his

cere ring in its tones.

It will be well to read their advertisement in Friday morning's issue.